

**i'll be the one
who will love
you, the way i'm
supposed to**

pinkhearteyes

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Summary:

Eddie and Richie haven't seen each other in six months. Beverly has plans to bring them together. Richie deserves a stupid, egg-salad loving boyfriend. Eddie doesn't care.

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Author's Note:

yall better enjoy this i stayed up to 1am and i have to wake up in six hours

don't read if ur ucomfortable with smut. just saying!

Of course Richie's at the dumb party.

He's there, skateboard tucked under his arm, and a Red Bull in his hand, swinging loosely at his side. It's a bit too early for full-on drinking, but still, in Eddie's opinion, too late at night for energy drinks.
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Beverly has remained friends with both Eddie and Richie, even if they broke up a few months back. It was never too serious, nothing Eddie couldn't cure with rewatching every romantic movie he's ever previously seen, and crying into his duvet. When he thinks about it though, it actually stung pretty bad. He winces, remembering his fourth time watching the notebook, sobbing on the phone to Beverly.

Richie's speaking to a tall guy named Jake who Eddie knows all too much about. He knows he'll practically blow anyone, and that he works at the local grocery store's deli counter. He probably has weird, egg salad-related fetishes. It's what Richie deserves.

He looks hot, though, Eddie notes. He's been passionately avoiding Richie up until this point, but haven't been able to help the fantasies that sometimes come to him on lonely nights. Seeing Richie in the flesh, in his fucking slacks and red vans, is all those fantasies come to life. His hair is even curlier than he used to let it be.

Then Eddie notices Beverly looking at him with a weird spark in her eye that somehow manages to be both apologetic and enthusiastic at the same time. She knows.

"You set this up?" Eddie splutters, feeling betrayed.

"I just- look, you guys were so good to each other. I've never seen you more happy than when you were with him. And he keeps talking about you and-"

The worst part is, she's not wrong. Eddie wouldn't be caught dead admitting it to anyone but himself - barely that - but Richie didn't do anything wrong. If anything, it was a mutual fuckup, a series of unfortunate events that drove them apart.

He watches Richie laugh at something Jake's said, clapping his hands together, his curls bouncing. Eddie remembers exactly how that laugh sounds. He is reminded of the night they got high off weed Richie got from a friend. It was sort of a joke birthday present, but they enjoyed it no less. Richie had laughed, his wheezed, squeaky laugh, cupped Eddie's face and kissed him.

When they broke up, all Eddie's memories of Richie went sour. He'd remember his voice, sounding less sweet, and more like an out of tune cello, playing melancholy symphonies. Now, he's almost close enough to hear the rise and fall of Richie's voice as he tells a story.

Eddie follows Richie's movement as he raises his can to his mouth, and drinks.

"Will you at least try to talk to him? You guys are miserable without each other." Beverly says, almost pleadingly.

"I'll think about it."

Thinking about it, means standing tucked away in a corner of the living room, fiddling with his phone. Richie's still out in the backyard, talking to Jake, and a girl named Emily who has dark curly hair, like Richie does. She's known for a bunch of dumb things that Eddie surely hasn't been paying attention to. It's not like he cares about her hand on Richie's shoulder.

Eddie goes into the kitchen, to find himself something to drink. There's a stack of plastic mugs on the counter. He considers mixing something, but doesn't know what. He's never been much of a party

person, only used to come with, tucked under Richie's arm. He opens up the fridge, and there's beer there, of course there is. There was more in the living room, but he'd rather sneak away with it quietly.

When he shuts the fridge door, Richie's standing in the doorway. Eddie almost drops his can of Blue Ribbon.

"Oh." He curses himself.

Richie looks equally surprised to see him. His hair is partially tucked under a cap now, and Eddie recognises it with a spark of envy as Jake's. Richie's glasses are different. Not as thick. His eyes don't swallow up half his face like they used to.

"Eddie! I- it's been a while."

They both know perfectly well why it's been a while. Also, it's not very much like Richie, to open his mouth and have anything that's not a joke come out.

"Are you sneaking in the liquor cabinet?" He asks, then, and that's more like it. Richie takes the cap off, places it in the sink with his empty Red Bull can. Eddie is hit with an overwhelming urge to slip his hand into Richie's, press him against the counter, and kiss him. He's much better than that, though. He deserves much better.

"Oh, you bet."

Richie's confidently grabbing a vodka bottle from the cabinet, which first of all, is immoral behaviour in Eddie's opinion.

"So, what brings you here?" Richie's pouring himself a cup, his hair hanging in his face, and Eddie can't read his expression. He wonders if it's weird that he's still standing in the kitchen.

"Uh, I don't really know. Beverly brought me, so?"

"As a date?" Eddie gapes, not knowing what to say. He doesn't have to figure it out. Richie grabs the fridge door, and tugs it open.

"I'm kidding. Bev is great."

It's certainly weird, them acting like this around each other. Tiptoeing around six months without calls or texts or anything at all.

"You want some vodka with coke?"

"A vodka and coke you mean?"

"What the fuck do I know, Eds! Do you want it?" He's grinning, offering Eddie a cup, and the old nickname strikes him right in the heart. When he accepts the cup, their fingers brush together briefly. Richie's eyes are dark, and follow Eddie's for a few seconds.

Despite Eddie knowing it's not the best thing to do, they end up sitting together on the couch, talking. Richie moves closer throughout the night, and finally they're sitting with their thighs nearly pressed together. Eddie realises shamefully how painstakingly much he's missed Richie. Richie thoroughly explains the plot of the last movie he saw at the cinema. His cheeks are flushed, and there's people all around them. Still, the smile Richie reserves for Eddie, after all this time, lights up the room, and all the people might as well not exist.

When the party begins wrapping up, people scattering to tuck themselves into bed in their little Derry houses, Eddie excuses himself to go to the bathroom. Richie's hand has been on his thigh for a while now, and it's so easy, so good to fall back into routines like this.

Eddie flushes, and washes his hands, and when he opens the door Richie's there.

"You were in there for a while, constipation much?" He holds up his phone, pointing to the time displayed on the screen.

"That's fucking gross, Rich."

"I'm just asking." He shrugs.

"No, you're creeping. What're you waiting out here for?" The last bit of his sentence goes a little faint, as Richie moves closer. His hand

goes to Eddie's waist, his hand seeming huge on Eddie's small frame. Fuck. Richie leans in, close, only to place a kiss to Eddie's cheek, close to his eye.

"Do you live with your parents, still?" Eddie asks, his voice a hoarse whisper. He clears his throat. Richie giggles, the sound of it sending tingles down Eddie's spine.

"Mm. Hearing about my parents really got my dick hard."

"You're so fucked up."

"Kidding, I'm kidding!" He's full-on laughing now, and they pull apart. A bit of the tension is gone, but Richie's eyes are still dark and hungry.

"Also, yeah. I'm planning on moving out, soon though."

"Well look at you." He gives Richie's hair a little tug, and Richie leans into the touch. He remembers how much Richie would like having his hair played with, pulled at. There's heat collecting in the pit of his stomach. They haven't even kissed yet.

The reason Eddie had asked, is because Richie's parents' house is close to the party-holder's house. Richie skates, a little. At one point, he tries to teach Eddie the basics. They've been over it before, Richie's hands on Eddie's waist, Eddie's hand on his shoulders. The skateboard used to be glued to Richie, like his fucking cigarettes. Eddie's positive that hasn't changed much. Richie had tucked a cigarette behind his ear the moment they left the house.

Richie fumbles with his keys, but only a little. They're not too drunk to function, barely drunk at all. Definitely tipsy, with the way Eddie giggles when Richie gets the door open, and stumbles in quicker than he had expected.

"My parents are gone for the weekend." Richie mentions, as he toes his shoes off, shrugs his jacket off his shoulders.

Eddie can't hold back a laugh. It's a cheap parody of the overused

"My parent's aren't home" joke he sees all over the internet. Richie looks a bit confused.

"Is that a good sign?" Richie asks, and Eddie's jacket is off now, and Richie's thumbs are under his shirt, on his hips.

"Why don't you find out for yourself?" It doesn't make much sense, but Eddie barely has time to finish his sentence before Richie's smashing his lips into his. Richie's glasses are a bit in the way, but he'll need them on, for now. Eddie doesn't mind leading them up the stairs, at all. He likes the way Richie instantly responds to his little guiding pushes.

Richie's room is mostly like he remembers it. Their first kiss was at sixteen, in this exact room, and now, just turned twenty, he still has the same posters on his walls.

"Stop thinking." Richie grins into the kiss.

"Stop talking."

Richie thumbs at the corners of Eddie's mouth, tastes his tongue with his own, and Eddie feels himself gasping. He gives Richie's hair a tug, ready to use it now, and it's Richie's turn to gasp. Eddie takes it as an opportunity to lick hotly into his mouth.

They're on Richie's bed now, comfortably making out, rocking against each other. There's an underlying crave for more, and they both feel it, when Eddie grinds down, and Richie moans, loudly in the room.

"Fuck. Eddie."

Richie tugs at his shirt.

"Get it off."

"Jeesh, calm down, you horndog."

"Fuck you."

"Just be patient."

Eddie doesn't know who he's kidding. He's just as eager to get his own shirt off, and to start unbuttoning Richie's. He kisses down Richie's neck, down past the unbuttoned collar of his shirt. Richie's hands are on his ass, and the contact is too much, too good.

"You got lube?" Eddie asks. Richie looks overwhelmed, and pulls Eddie into a wet kiss, their teeth clashing together.

"Babe?"

"Yeah, yeah, fuck. It's in the drawer."

Richie folds his glasses, puts them away, as Eddie gets the lube.

"Condoms...?"

"I haven't- Eddie, I haven't slept with anyone since you."

Eddie doesn't know if it's sad, or extremely hot. He decides on a mixture of both, and begins unbuttoning Richie's pants.

"Holy shit. No wonder you're so desperate."

Richie snorts, but Eddie cuts him off before he even has time to speak, shoving a hand down his underwear. Richie's already hard, hot and slick under his touch, and Eddie wants so much.

He slicks him up, straddles his lap.

"You're all blurry" Richie says, his voice strained like he's trying not to moan.

"Shh" Eddie says, and slides slowly down onto Richie's cock.

It's good, so good, and he's missed it so much. Missed the way Richie's nails dig into his skin, pressing firmly. Missed the way Richie's chest goes red and blotchy, and how he throws his head back against the pillows, gasping wordlessly.

"Eds, baby." It's stupidly romantic for what they're currently doing, and Eddie goes with it, presses kisses against Richie's whining mouth as he comes. Eddie is quick to follow, guided by Richie's wide palm closed around him, jerking him off.

The feeling when Richie slips out of him is icky, but Eddie feels warm and pliant, as Richie kisses him, and stands up.

"Where are you going?"

Richie doesn't answer, instead, he returns with soft tissues to wipe their sticky stomachs. He's too good to Eddie, and he says so.

"You're too good to me."

"No I'm not." He's suddenly serious, cupping Eddie's face.

"I really fucked up, bad, when I let you go."

Eddie is quiet for a while, doesn't know what to say. Richie's words lay like cotton around his heart.

"Are you saying this because we just fucked?"

"I'm not. Swear to god."

Richie's smile is soft and tired, and Eddie agrees with him. He knows they had their reasons for breaking up then, but it's Greek to his mind, now.

"Do you think we could- talk about it in the monring. Like, really talk?"

"Yes please."

"Good." Eddie pauses. "Nothing turns me on more than talking."

"No wonder you want to get in my pants so bad, then."

Richie ducks away from Eddie's light slap, and giggles. Eddie feels

warm, and his mind is a constant loop of finally, and Richie, and finally.

Finally.

Author's Note:

i'm not going to read through it before i post, so i just have to trust myself. all typos are my fault.

just pure smut!!

also how much do u like imagining 2017 richie as this spicy skater boy who probably has various stick n pokes and paints his nails black!! i sure love it

title from happiness by rex orange county

also, i'm soon finished with the second chapter of the travel fic!!

thank you for reaading leave me a comment telling me what u thought i appreciate all feedback!!!